

## Even Circus Freaks Have Their Love Affairs

### ROMANCES OF "WORLD WONDERS"

Giant and Giantess Lovers at First Sight, but the Mid-gel Has a New Attraction This Season, Which Brings on Many New Heart Attacks.

By Joseph S. Jordan

Love knows no limit in land or language and recognizes no law. Its light flits from the mountainside to the meadow land and Cupid is as much at home in the cottage as in the palaces of kings and queens.



THIS may sound like the beginning of a fairy story, but it isn't. It has to do with the romances of the "World Wonders," the "strange people" of the circus, who, however, are here-aided in the six and seven sheet posters of the Ringling Brothers, Barnum and Bailey's "Greatest Show on Earth," as "World Wonders," and "Marvels of the Age," "Greatest Living Curiosities," and "Mysteries of the Human Race."

Does love enter into the lives of these people who, to the ordinary mortal, are creatures of another world; who yesterday were "freaks" and who to-day have been painted in the nimble imagination of the publicity men of the circus as just "strange people?"—giants, midgets, "snake charmers," sword swallowers, head hunters, cannibals, tattooed ladies, bearded ladies and beardless men? With few exceptions they have all had their passing fancies and consuming passions, their dreams, their disappointments, their hopes and loves.

Louis Graham and Clyde Ingalls, managers of this part of the show, smiled when the question was put to them, for the story of the romances of the "strange people" is an old one with them. There's "Zip," the "What Is It?" product of P. T. Barnum, who has been the sport and amusement of the kiddies of three generations, who is eighty-six years old and says that he's from fourteen to thirty-six. Last year Zip was the sweetest slave of Clifford, the lady sword swallower, and this year he's making "goo goo" eyes at Marsiana Van Droyen, the Dutch giantess. And Marsiana sympathizes with the weakness of Zip. She smiles down to him and tickles him under the chin and Zip is as happy as a kid with his first radiophone.

Marsiana can afford to be gracious and sympathetic, for she is still on her third year's honeymoon with Giant George, her first and only love. She is seven feet and six inches in height and built in glorious, if generous, proportions. Marsiana met her fate in a drug store in Saarbrück, Alsace-Lorraine. She was then touring the country as the tallest lady pianist in captivity and dropped into the drug store to get some face powder.

Giant George waited upon her. He was the first man she had met in her young life she had to look up to. She looked at him and right there Dan Cupid unhooked two love-tipped arrows. In two weeks they were engaged. He was a fellow countryman, three years her junior, and in their native language she painted to him the joys and profits of life on the road. Right there he foretook drugs for forensic flights and histrionic honors. In the parlance of the show they were "hooked up." Their union has brought them a daughter, Ruth, now nine months old and as tall as a nine-year-old boy and weighing forty pounds. Marsiana says that she's the "home" and George grins in acquiescence. He's twenty-one and she's twenty-four.

Count Paucel, better known as the Baron the midgel "mascher," has the reputation of being a veritable male ramp. Last year he was all attention to Lady Little, a delirious girl, but this season he seems to have escaped heart whole only to plunge into hopeless love with the Princess Wee Wee.

## Going Down!

MY DEAR FRIEND: May I invite your thought to the word STICK?

It means to fasten by gluing, or to fix, also means a rod, or a staff.

It is a splendid word when applied to a job, or what you are doing.

If you have a job—stick. The history of the world shows that all great men STUCK! They went after a thing and kept after it. They never let go.

Take up what is right ahead of you and—stick. Make up your mind what it is you are going to do and then—stick until you do it.

If you must change your job, go up and keep on going up, but STICK!

You may despise figures, but they are useful, just the same. Refusing to add a column of numbers will never give you the answer.

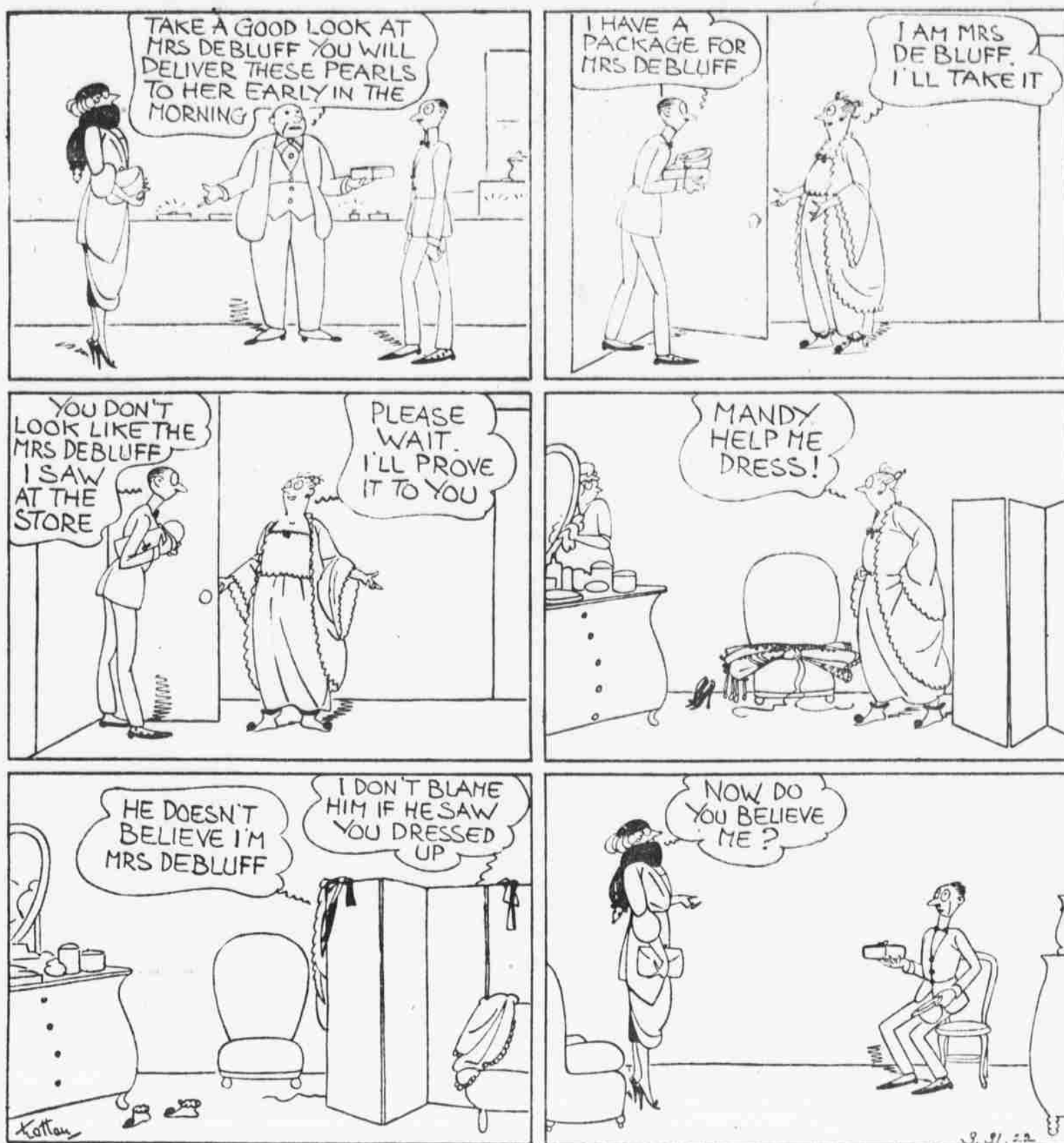
Get at your task and—stick! Yours, ALFALFA SMITH.

# DAILY MAGAZINE

## Can You Beat It!

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By Maurice Ketten



## "MARGIE"

By Caroline Crawford

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The Love Story of a New York Working Girl.

Margery Minton, nineteen, helps to support her widowed mother by working at the men's glove counter in a large New York department store. Her most intimate "chum" is Maudie Lee, a fellow salesgirl. Maudie's "steady" is Clarence Wimple, a floorwalker. Margie has no "babe"—she feels her life here is all she has. Begin this story to-day and see how Margie's dreams work out.

REVELATIONS  
JUST a little before the noon hour the following day Margie was not at all surprised to see her so-called Prince Charming under the "gents" furnishing department and make his way toward her counter.

"Here he comes," whispered Maudie, twice as excited as Margie, who pretended to be busily engaged assorting and counting gloves.

"I beg your pardon," said the young man, "but these gloves you sold me are a size too small. I said eight and one-half, and when I reached home my sister, who usually does all my shopping for me, told me that I really wore eight and three-quarters. Do you suppose I might exchange them?"

Margie's eyes met those of the young man, and a quick, responsive flash told him that there was a case of love at first sight.

"Of course, we shall only be too glad to change them," declared Margie. "I'll get the next size and we'll try them on to be quite certain they are all right before I call the floor-walker."

While Maudie slipped around the other side of the counter to hunt the proper size gloves Maudie came up to her and eagerly whispered, "Margie, he's crazy about you. I had no idea he would ever come back. I believe he really is your Prince Charming."

"He's kind and refined too," Margie shrugged her shoulders. She was down on her knees now, delving into all sorts of boxes and glove drawers.

"Thank you so much," he laughed lightly, and yet, back of it all, there was a great deal of dignity and seriousness to his voice as he added, "You might send them to Frank Spofford."

"They'll be there in about ten days," volunteered Margie, as she wrote his name—Frank Spofford—on the first time.

"If they are not I'll call again," he laughed, and with a characteristic toss of his head and a merry laugh disappeared around the counter.

"Prince Frank from Brooklyn!" said Maudie. "Say, Margie, you don't want a prince from New York?"

"Canardie or Flatlands Bay, I say, not when he comes!" smiled Margie. "He is my ideal man."

To-Morrow—A Masculine Pandora.

## The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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HAVING sent telegrams to their wives, who resided two blocks away, the telegrams conveying their undying affection and the information that it was a wild night at sea and that the children should not be permitted to join the Shifters, which was an organization of juvenile delinquents and would imperil their moral stamina, Mr. Jarr and Mr. Rangle proceeded on with their new found friends, Mr. William Watkins Wilkinson, of Hartford, Conn., and Mr. Benjamin B. Bingham, whose card had stated that he was, among many other things, Exalted Past Grand Wimpus of Brooklyn Sanctuary No. 4 of the Sheltering Order of Wok-Wok, or Married Men's Protective Association.

Mr. Bingham, it was evident, had the confidence of all. Perhaps for the reason that he was, as it afterward transpired, a confidence man. But the fat, red-nosed and bald-headed Mr. William Watkins Wilkinson, of Hartford, Conn., Mr. Jarr regarded with solemn suspicion.

"But he has the most remarkable brow I ever beheld," interposed Mr. Rangle solemnly. "No other man ever had such a brow, except, perhaps, Humboldt!"

"Humboldt, you mean?" growled Mr. Jarr.

"Humboldt, I said," retorted Mr. Bingham. "Alexander von Humboldt, traveler and archaeologist and author of that comprehensive classic of an 'Itinerary,' 'Cosmos.'"

"Oh, him?" said Mr. Jarr in a mollified tone. "I knew Alex well."

"Yes," said Mr. Rangle, as the party once more got under way to land, another telegraph office to send more telegrams to their wives, "such a Humboldtian exponent should be displayed and demonstrated at institutions of learning that cultivate students' interest in the development of the human mind."

"I would suggest," said Mr. Jarr, with a smile, "that a new revival of 'There is Nothing New' should be chiseled on his bald old head, that the world might wonder whether it meant hair or brains or both."

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## Sweet Radiograpy

### Nation Has Quit Talking to Sit and Listen

By Neal R. O'Hara

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Folks Are Hoisting Aerials Instead of Steins and Drinking in Ether Messages



RADIOPHONE is the greatest invention since Prohibition. Not only keeps men out of bars, women and children that used to frequent bars and speak-easies now stay home and lap up ether.

Radiophone is revolutionizing American home. Is bringing family closer together but emptying the churches. Whole family can now stay in bed Sunday morning and listen to sermon while they sleep. Radio also keeps kiddies out of trouble. Keeps 'em off the sidewalks, out of mischief. You never see kiddies in street any more except when they fall off roof.

RADIO NOTES.  
Clarence Glickstein of Perth Amboy writes in to say that he is using a wrecked flyover as an aerial and getting good results. The flyover landed in a tree top by accident and Mr. Glickstein was quick to act and string wires with good effect. He reports that his radiophone now has range of 150 miles, without gasoline. It catches every vibration between Pittsburgh and Newark, even including rough roads and detours.

Fashion changes will be broadcasted every hour from Old City, Pa., commencing to-morrow at 6 A. M.

The London Pantomime Company will give a concert Saturday evening from 8 to 10:30 P. M.

In Brooklyn, 215 home brewers have converted their mills into radio outfits. They are trying to catch Milwaukee.

WHAT TO HEAR TO-DAY.  
F O B (Detroit)—8:00 A. M., fight returns from Chicago Grand Opera Company. 8:30 A. M., sermon, "Where Do Buttons Come From?" by Rev. Jasper G. Hood.

C O D (New York)—2:00 P. M., score by innings. Mutual Welfare League. 2:30 P. M., concert, "The Cover Charge of the White Light Brigade," by Head Waiters' Male Quartet. 3:00 P. M., address by George Harvey, "Diplomatic Secrets, or Do I Use Ladies' or Men's Stockings When Dressing for a Court Function?" 3:30 P. M., exhibition of fancy crocheted work. 5:45 P. M., official dry weather reports by Anti-Saloon League. 6:30 P. M., juggling and wire walking by Goldberg, Kelly and Krantzein, direct from Shutehouse circuit. 7:30 P. M., choir singing, "Oh, Sweet Ohm," by Westinghouse double quartet. 9:00 P. M., daily shooting report from Hollywood, Cal.

K K K (Atlanta)—6:00 P. M., lecture, "Now Is the Time to Have Your Tonsils Cut," by Dr. E. T. Lutz, chiropodist. 7:30 P. M., sacred concert by boys' band of W. C. T. U. 8:15 P. M., moving pictures. 9:15 P. M., address, "The Four-Power Treaty Will Be Opposed in the Senate as Long as Mule Power and Lung Power Are the Only Recognized Powers," by Senator Wheatcake. 10:00 P. M., fancy gargling by male quartet from laryngitis ward. 10:45 P. M., balloon ascension. 11:30 P. M., bedtime stories for the kiddies, told by Pancho Villa. 12:15 A. M., election returns from Congo Free State. 1:30 A. M., travelogue, "Seeing Nellie Home," with Merton Gomes.

## Why Not Look Your Best?

By Doris Doscher

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DEAR MISS DOSCHER: I read your column daily and would like to know what I could use to make my hair a pretty shade of henna without harming it, as my hair is blonde now and I am leaving it come back to its own color.

MARIE. Why use another artificial preparation to change the color of your hair? Nature will take care of it if you will just have a little patience. Massage the scalp well, rub in a little vaseline and I am sure it will not be long before your hair is its own color, which will be more becoming to you than any artificially dyed hair could be.

DEAR MISS DOSCHER: I am fifty years old and I feel twenty-five pounds in the past three months and it has left my face looking terrible. The loose skin hangs down about my mouth and chin, and causes awful wrinkles on each side of my nose. Please tell me what I can do to make my face look decent again. Will massage do me any good, if so, please tell me how.

JEANETTE W. You do not state if you lost the pounds by intentional reduction or through an illness, but in either case you will find that with deep breathing exercises, massaging the face with rotary motion with the palm of the hand, and rubbing a piece of ice over the face every morning before going out of doors, the skin will gain a new elasticity and the bagginess will disappear. A little extra rest and a light nourishing diet will help to build up your general health.

DEAR MISS DOSCHER: Kindly tell me what to do for a large bust. I am sixteen years old, and while the rest of my figure is normal my bust is extremely large. E. H. You will find that the following exercise helps to decrease the fatty tissues of the bust:

Stand erect. Try to make the elbows meet in the back. Stretch the arms in front of the chest as far as possible, palms together. Raise them above the head, stretching well; carry them back of the body as far as possible, always with the elbows straight, gradually coming round to the front.

Try also developing the rest of your figure so that you will have better proportions all over.

DEAR MISS DOSCHER: I am a girl of nineteen and have known a young man of the same age for about a year. We have had several tiffs, but always managed to make up. Recently however we had quite a serious quarrel and when he called me up on the phone I said, "I heard you were married," just in a joke. He replied, "I am waiting for you." Now Miss Vincent this young man wants me to make up once more and after what he said do you think he really cares for me?

"HELEN." The young man evidently cares for you or he would not also say to ask you to make up. Do you think you are to blame for these quarrels or that you can manage to understand each other better? Try to understand each other better. You cannot agree and keep along pleasant spite.

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